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reasonably short time. I again appealed to my mandarins. This time they held a consultation, lasting about five hours, which time they spent sipping tea and wagging their queues, now and then uttering short sentences in genuine Chinese falsetto. The upshot of it was, that by engaging about twenty to thirty-five translating, reading, condensing, compiling, erasing, correcting, comparing, and approving mandarins at a ruinous rate, I found that I could get off a monthly article of about three quarto pages of two columns each, provided it is printed in moderately large type. To save time, therefore, I acquiesced in the above arrangement, and next month I shall send the first installment of the History of Kiang to follow this the preface to what I consider to be a novel and curious history.

—
“ AS THE LOVE, SO IS THE LIFE.”

As the love is, so is life.
Lovest thou the Beautiful?
Earthly roads are filled with strife;
Earthly skies are grey and dull.
To the Beautiful awake,
Thou shalt walk in sheltered ways,
Seeing through the cloud-roof break
Heaven's all-glorifying rays.

As the love is, so is life.
Dost thou truly seek the True?
Error is a fatal knife
Cutting every heaven-link through.
Truth is noble, falsehood mean;
Thine the choice to crawl or fly.
Shut out self, and live serene
In the sunshine of her eye.

As the love is, so is life.
Art thou wedded to the Good?
Beauteous bride and faithful wife,
When her “Aye” was understood
Truth's deep heart was sealed to thine;
Beauty in to bless thee stole;
And the joy of the Divine
Is the hearth-light of thy soul.

LOVY LAROOM.

THE world at large has a deep sense of the virtue of honest substantiality in every exhibition that shall command their admiration. If a man makes a fine speech, which is felt to be only a curious procession of harmonious sounds, and not what it is meant to be, a true declaration of inward sentiment, the audience will not allow themselves to be cheated into admiration by such a mere phantasmagoria, any more than the palate will be pleased when the teeth have crushed a hollow nut; they may possibly make an applausive noise with their hands and feet if the speaker occupies a commanding position, but they will whisper secretly—*humbug!*—J. S. Blackie.

To gain a correct acquaintance with human nature, it is not necessary to move in a public or extensive sphere. A more limited circle of observation conduces to greater minuteness and accuracy. A public mode of life is favorable to a knowledge of manners; a private, to a knowledge of character.—*Clulow.*

THE POOR ARTIST;

or,

SEVEN EYESIGHTS AND ONE OBJECT.

The bestowing of guineas by the uncle was nothing more than charity, for the old gentleman set no value upon the greenhouse paintings which the artist had painted for grandma. He considered that the Poor Artist might be subjected for a few days to the cravings of hunger and thirst, and as such a misfortune would be a very disagreeable circumstance to him, he got rid of the thought of it by parting with a little money. Moreover, he viewed the matter in this light: being somewhat of an abstract thinker, or as he declared himself a philosopher, he considered that the Poor Artist, in laboring for his relatives, had disturbed the natural equilibrium of social intercourse, and it was no more than proper that the disturbance should be remedied, and this in harmony with well-known principles of political economy. He accordingly made the matter straight in his mind by passing over to the workman, wages and profits in the shape of lawful currency. The young fellow could expect nothing more, and he ought to be satisfied. And so far as the uncle was concerned, the Poor Artist undoubtedly was satisfied. Being a natural philosopher, and never at the court of worldly wisdom, he lived upon spiritual wealth, a kind of wealth of which there was no mention in the uncle's system of political economy.

Now the artist had that which he prized more than the uncle's money. Aurelia had given him a keepsake—a volume of *La Fontaine's Fables*. With this symbol of affection, and with lively hopes, he betook himself to a beautiful part of the country, where, with “all creation” for a studio, and a lodgings at a farmer's house, he began to paint. Misfortune and disappointment, however, followed him to this Eden. The farmer's house took fire during his absence, and the fire consumed not only the poor farmer's dwelling, but all the Poor Artist's castles in the air; it destroyed five perfectly successful works of art, such as the world never saw before, and such as could not possibly be painted again. His hopes of fame and of Aurelia vanished, as he stood before the ruins of the farm-house, and gazed upon the ashes of his pictures, with eyes following the light flakes of cinders as they drifted away on the wind.

But life is life, and the world-struggles must be gone through. So he took leave of the burnt-out farmer, and his wife and children, all of them shedding tears, and hoping to meet again some day, here or in heaven.

When he got into the wood he sat down. He unpacked his sketching-box, laid a piece of canvas before him, looked at his colors and palette, then at his brushes, then at the peeps of landscape in front of him. But he gave it up with a deep sigh, and two or three scalding tears trickled down his cheek. He could not work.

Finding himself so depressed, he took out the dear little volume of *La Fontaine's Fables* from his pocket, kissed it devoutly, and began to read. He read on, and at last began to

lose the heavy sense of his misfortunes, and finally he quite forgot them. He had fallen asleep.

The Poor Artist dreamed—our author's allegory by which to illustrate a moral for critics. Half asleep, half awake, he became aware of a sound mingled with the hum of gnats :

He saw a leaf tremble—then another—then the cup of a flower shake very much, and, notwithstanding a great bustling and buzzing inside, he was yet able to distinguish words amidst the low humming monotony of the undersong. The words were the same as before—

“Busy—busy—buzzing brain,
Use your hands, or nothing gain.”

It came from the inside of that flowercup that was shaking so! Yes, there could be no doubt of it. The flower now shook and nodded more than ever, and with a bustling and fussing noise of voice and of wings, up came the head and shoulders of a Bee! She held fast upon the upper rim of the cup, with her strong arms bent over, and stared wisely at the Artist with her two dark horny eyes.

La Fontaine, doubtless, had something to do with this. We have no room to quote all the wise sayings of the Bee. This little industrious insect, like many people conspicuous for only one virtue, first rated the poor disappointed artist for idleness, and then demanded if he wanted work :

“That I do!” exclaimed the Artist, “provided I can get something by it.”

“Of course,” said the Bee; “you shall get honey. That is an understood thing. Very well, then, I will find you work.”

And the Bee was as good as its word. The Bee had seen an object that morning in the woods, and wished to have its picture.

“Where is it?” said the Artist.

“Here,” replied the Bee, pointing to her eyes. “I saw it, and shall now describe what I saw, and still see here.”

The Artist, with an amused yet interested expression, got out his sketching-materials, arranged his colors and brushes, and placed a piece of canvas ready stretched before him.

The Bee now proceeded with a description of a most extraordinary and incoherent kind; so, at least, it appeared to the Artist. There was an account of a large, flat hexagonal figure, the lines of each angle being set with bright lights of reddish brown and gold. There was a transparent honey-colored drop, of the size commonly met with upon the leaves of opening flowers in the early morning; and beyond this, and seen through it, there was a shape which the Bee described in the air with one of her antennæ (thus, V), and next to it another (thus, I), and the surface of both was rough, and full of little holes.

The Artist, with rather a dismayed and despairing look, made certain lines and colors on his canvas, and then added the figure described as VI, wondering what in the world the Bee could have seen in the wood which should suggest the Roman numerals for six to her architectural mind; unless, indeed, it were the unconscious influence of the hexagonal shape of her honey-cylinders, or of the hexagonal lenses of her two compound eyes.

The Bee proceeded, and described to the Artist—that in pro-

gressing along the inner rim of the object, she had seen similar figures inverted, and she made them with one of her antennæ as before, thus, I’ A.

“What!” ejaculated the Artist to himself, “is she now going to write Greek? Will she ask me to paint some old, decayed, half-obliterated inscription stone, like one of those in the British Museum? Oh! this will never do. The public will never understand it.” He threw down his brush in despair.

“Why do you not go on?” droned the Bee, in a deep angry tone.

“Because the thing you ask me to paint is unintelligible—something which the eye of man never saw.”

As the Artist uttered these words, he suddenly bethought himself of the exhortation of Aurelia's uncle; so he added, in a deprecatory voice, “If you would only try to accommodate yourself a little more to the difference which exists between my eyes and yours, I might yet be able to do a little something.”

“I suppose,” said the Bee, “you see all things as upright and round-about.”

“By no means,” replied the Artist; “we see things of the shape they really are.”

“How many eyes have you got?” demanded the Bee. “I see only two in your face. You have, no doubt, others on the top of your head, as I have, or others elsewhere.”

“No,” replied the Artist, beginning to hesitate. “No, I have only two simple eyes.”

“Then,” said the Bee, “you must be a very arrogant, or a very ignorant creature. For how should you”—here she raised one of her antennæ, and moved it slowly up and down, as if laying down the law—“how should you see everything as it is, unless you had the eyes of all other creatures who see it according to every variety suitable to its nature, with relation to their own natures; or unless your two eyes, instead of being of a simple kind, as you say they are, should be compounded of the powers of all other eyes?”

“So I consider them to be,” said the Artist; “all the wonders of others being thus reduced to a simple action. Moreover, we do not regard external objects as dependent on *how* we see them, or what shape and color we see them. They are something of themselves, whatever they may appear to different visions.”

“And you believe, then, that you see what that something really is; all other visions being naturally deceived; all other creatures dwelling therefore in systematic illusion?”

The Artist considered for some time, and at last said—

“Yes; the prerogative of actuality is given to the eyesight of man.”

“Who told you so?” demanded the Bee.

“My own reason,” answered the Artist.

“Self-love's gravest flatterer,” replied the Bee. “We, of the bee species, say the same thing—and truly. But no more words. Will you try and paint the picture I shall describe to you? If it be something which the eye of man never beheld before, all the better for you. It will enlarge your experience, and stimulate your intellect and imagination.”

The wise Bee and the wise Uncle held similar views! Thus admonished and exhorted, the Artist completed the picture to order, and this is what he made of it:

A broken and irregular line of gold formed a large disk, from which hung, on the inside, a row of golden lamps, with

flame lamps between each, or conjointly. This was on one half of the disk—on the other, the outline was beset with umber-shaded golden holes, pits, or caves, bordering upon an aerial field of sober twilight azure. The Artist, therefore, presently converted his sketch into a design for the outskirts of the Gardens of the Hesperides.

Of course, he said nothing about this to the Bee, who might not have heard of these gardens, or if she had, would probably have disapproved of such a use being made of her description of an object she had just seen in the woods.

The Artist put down his palette, and leaned back with his head on one side, and considered his design on the easel with an amused and somewhat self-complacent expression.

"Now," buzzed the Bee, in a loud tone, "let me look at my picture!" Whereupon she began to make a great stir and bustle in balancing herself on the swaying edge of the convolvulus, and prepared to take flight towards the Artist.

But she stopped suddenly on observing the Artist turn the face of the picture downwards.

"Turn it up again," said the Bee, with an angry buzzing of the wings.

"You must excuse me," said the Artist.

"Am I to come under, and see it from the shade, with my three uppermost eyes?" inquired the Bee, in a tone of reproof. "Why do you turn it towards the ground? Don't you know that my three simple eyes for ascending are always used to seek the light, and I shall only knock my head against your fine performance?"

The Artist now explained that he did this out of no bad or blundering intention, but solely because he had found it necessary to decline showing sketches of pictures to any sister, or other person who was not an artist. They were apt to run away with wrong impressions, which were injurious. He meant nothing disrespectful. Bees were great artists, no doubt, but in a different way.

The Bee expressed herself much astonished at this hesitation. She said there was no sound reason in it. If the work were rightly begun, she argued, there was just the same credit due to the frame-work as the finishing. And as to judgment, who could form so good a one as she who gave directions for the thing she wanted to be built or painted? She was beginning to get seriously angry, when there was heard a very small hoarse voice from a little heap of fine dust and sandy mould close to the Artist's foot, which said—

"I have heard all. I also will have a picture. I have seen a new thing this morning."

The listener proves to be a Red Ant. The Ant described the object he saw as the Bee had done, except that it was described ant-fashion. And after the artist got through with the Ant, a Spider came, and then a Fish, who stipulated for a water-color picture; and then a Cat, and finally a Robin; all remaining until the artist had executed each picture according to the description given by those who employed him. Of course the Poor Artist's patrons clamored for a sight of his work, but he was inexorable; he would not consent to submit his pictures to criticism, until he himself had an opportunity to see the objects that suggested them. The party accordingly set forth to find the objects they had seen.

"I hope they are not very far distant," said the Artist, as he began to pack up his sketches and materials.

"Mine is quite close," said the Robin.

"So is mine," said the Bee.

"Mine is some distance," said the Ant.

"Mine is a long way off," said the Spider, "and I shall not go unless I am carried."

"Who'll carry the Spider?" shouted the Ant. "For my part, I don't care if I drag you upon a dry leaf a few yards, so that you don't come too near me. You have such a *very* unpleasant breath, do you know?"

It was settled that the Spider should ride on the Artist's shoulder, and it was presently found that the Ant had fixed himself on the other shoulder.

It was agreed they should visit the nearest object first. So the Robin led the way, flitting and hopping politely from bough to bough, and from tree to tree.

The Cat ran in front of the Artist's legs, with her tail high in the air. The Bee slowly followed the *cortège*, murmuring gravely to herself—

"Busy—busy—buzzing brain,
Use your hands, or nothing gain."

A very interesting conversation ensued as the parties travelled onward. Much of it was satirical; so many strong individualities could not long associate together without an occasional offensive personality. For instance:

"I read in the newspaper, the other day," said the Ant, apparently addressing the Bee, "as I was running over the columns which a sleepy traveller held in his hand, a very interesting account of a cat who was killed by a mouse."

"Humph!" murmured the Bee.

The Cat stopped—stared up at the little speaker with bright, round eyes, and waited with erect and pointed ears.

"Yes," continued the Ant, drily, "I there read it under the head of 'Melancholy Accident.' A cat had caught a mouse on a lawn, and let it go again in her cruel way, in order to play with it; when the mouse, inspired by despair, and seeing only one hole possible to escape into—namely, the round, red throat of the cat, very visible through her open mouth—took a bold spring into her jaws, just escaping between her teeth, and into her throat he struggled and stuffed himself, and so the cat was suffocated!"

The Cat smiled contemptuously, and walked on.

This *bavardage* soon ceased, however, for the Robin stopped, and exclaimed,

"This is *my* object!" cried the Robin.

"I knew it was this thing," said the Cat.

"Let me look—I must be sure," said the Bee, as she went fumbling all round something bright that lay upon the grass. "And I am sure."

"Ah! that's *my* object!" exclaimed the Ant, running rapidly down the Artist's arm, and side, and leg, and over his foot, and across the grass.

The Spider dropped from the Artist's shoulder, and ran forward after the Ant. "Let no one touch it," cried she; "for this object belongs to my eyes!"

It was obvious that they had all seen the same thing.

In utter bewilderment, the Artist drew near to a bright shining thing that lay upon the grass, and at intervals shot forth

keen rays of light. He started—he stooped to make sure, as the Bee said, that his eyes did not deceive him. It was a bright new sovereign! And upon the bright golden surface of this coin, which had become the medium of so many natural wonders, there shone a large drop of dew!

The Fish was somewhat behind the rest, he having preferred to go by water; he soon joined the party however, and identified the glittering coin as the subject of his picture. This flying, crawling, swimming, jumping, and thinking group were quite amazed. Finally, they turned to the Artist, each demanding his picture; and because the representative of thought would not comply with the demand, foreseeing a critical battle, his patrons became enraged, and determined to assault him.

At this moment, while the Artist stood with a mind confused by the surrounding scene, the Cat made a sudden rush between his legs. He started—reeled sideways, and, being unable to recover himself, fell at his length upon the grass, while, with the jerk, all his painting apparatus flew from his hands, and all the sketches were scattered upon the green slope.

Now, it seemed palpable to the valiant leaders of the onslaught that the Cat had only obeyed the Ant's order to "charge," and had acted in flying cavalry fashion. The fact was, however, that he had only made a dash at the Fish, lost him and tumbled headlong into the brook.

By no means comprehending the true state of affairs, but rather imagining that he had been overthrown by a combined charge of his enraged patrons, the Artist raised himself to a sitting position, and looked round about him. His sketches were scattered over the grass in all directions, face upwards, and his broken easel, his crayons, brushes, palette, little paint-bladders, and sundry small bottles, had been flung about at random. But what had become of his enemies, so lately his friends, who had given him "commissions to paint" so many pictures? Were they all gone?

They were: nothing was left to the artist but the ideas derived through association with his late companions. These were transferred to canvas for the benefit of a different audience, as will appear in the sequel.

Having permitted the Bee to see a gold sovereign with eyes such as the Creator gave him, we will substitute man-brain for bee-brain, and give our readers the results of man's looking through the same organ.

The bee had seen the circle of the sovereign as a hexagonal figure. That was intelligible from the various known circumstances, such as the shape of the lenses of her eyes, and the shape of the honey-cells. It was set round with lights. That might have been the chasing on the edges, magnified or multiplied by the peculiarity of the Bee's vision. It also appeared that the Bee had seen VI through a liquid globe of the color of honey. That was clearly the gold shining through the dew-drop, and the VI, which our friend had at first supposed to refer to the Bee's favorite number of six, he now perceived to be the first two letters of her gracious majesty's name; and that the same numerals inverted, as he had erroneously supposed, were in fact the two last letters (I A) of the same royal designation; the Greek accents (after I) being in all probability some slight scratches or marks not visible to the human eye,

unless through a microscope. As for the rest of the Bee's description, the Artist attributed it to a similar cause, and he also admitted to himself that he had taken a few liberties in the general treatment, according to his own imagination, whereof came his sketch, entitled "Outskirts of the Gardens of the Hesperides."

A moral to the foregoing, and we leave the "Poor Artist, or Seven Eyesights and One Object," for another month.

Universality is made up of countless individualities; and not only does each different species of creature feel itself of great importance to nature, but each individual of each species regards itself as of special account, and compares itself complacently with all the world that surrounds it. Each individual of necessity makes himself, in a great measure, the standard of comparison for all others; by his own senses he measures yours, by his own excellence or incapacity he estimates the qualities of others. The far sight miscalculates the near sight; the near sight miscalculates the far; the simple sight, which only sees unity, cannot judge of the double sight, which takes in two different objects, one with each eye; nor can it judge of the compound sight, which sees only a complication of parts—perhaps only one part distinctly at a time, and the rest as in a dim kaleidoscope—not to speak of many wonders, such as the learning of man has never yet fathomed or conceived. But each of these owners of eyes very naturally, and of necessity, considers his especial pair, or set, as the standard of all correct vision. If he happens to have imperfect eyes, and to know it, then he makes the eyes of his species stand for his belief in perfection. It is quite clear that all of us—men, bees, ants, fish, spiders, cats, robins, and the rest—see things very differently, not only as shown in the present fragment of natural history, but throughout creation; and equally certain is it, that each species sets itself up as the true seer of things as they are. The grand question therefore is, who is right? Is nobody right, anyhow? or are we all right, somehow? As for our Poor Artist—the seventh of these eyesights—he entertained no manner of doubt but that he had "found a sovereign!"

SHAKSPEARE.

It needs not many words to wing the shaft
Of wit and wisdom. Bards who fitly spoke,
More warmly to its heart the world doth take
Than the huge tomes of scholars, or the craft
Of rhetoric. When Shakspere sang or laughed
The earth with varied echoes vibrated,
While answer made it none to those who read
Their ponderous homilies. Athirst men quaffed
His airy electric words like heavenly wine.
The mountain summits of that orient land
Outsoar the level of our praises fine.
All other lie around like tracts of sand,
With here and there a green isle or a palm
That whispers pleasantly when days are calm.

C. P. C.

THERE is no comparison between that which we may lose by not trying and by not succeeding; since by not trying we throw away the chance of an immense good, by not succeeding we only incur the loss of a little human labor.—Bacon.